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Elora District High School

Year Book

1963

Elora District High School

YEAR BOOK

1963

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Principal's Message

A few years ago, students were placed on a particular course of study, either academic or vocational with almost no choice of subjects. As a result, many were forced to leave school because they could not adapt themselves to the course assigned.

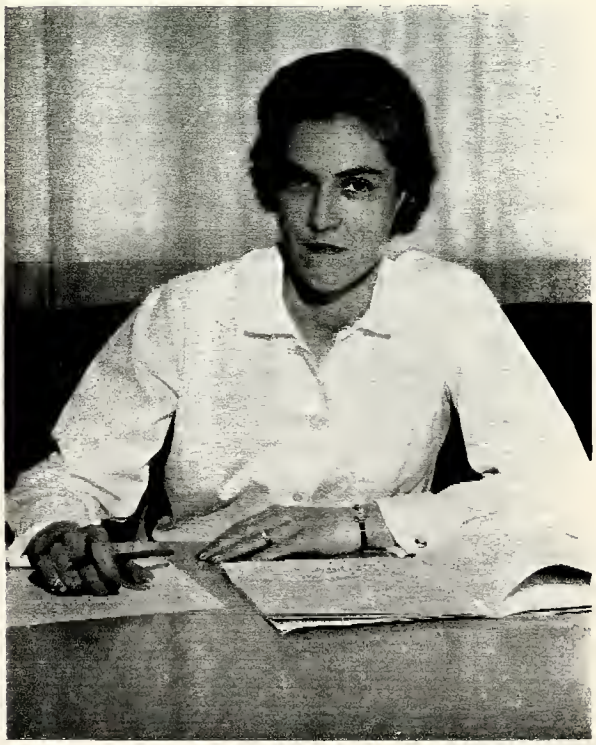
Each year our courses offer more options. Every effort is made to allow the student to select subjects which he can do and he is urged to remain in school to complete his course. The ever-dwindling demand for unskilled and uneducated labour makes this imperative. The proposed 1962-63 program includes a Business and Commerce Branch along with the present Arts and Sciences Branch, each with sufficient options to allow a wider range of choice.

It is my hope that every student of Elora D. H. S. will avail himself or herself of the opportunities offered and become determined to acquire a complete education in order to be a more useful citizen in our society.

FREDERICK W. SAVAGE

THE STAFF

Left to right, Sitting: Mrs. Jankowski, B.A.; Mrs. McKegney, B.A.; Mrs. Mackay, B.A.; Mrs. Brown, B.A.; Mr. Savage, B.A.; Mr. Sookocheff, B.Sc. Standing: Mrs. Buchanan, B.H.Sc.; Mrs. Cameron, B.A.; Mr. Beattie, B.A.; Mr. Gliddon, B.Sc.; Mr. Peppler, B.A.



Mrs. W. Aitchison, Secretary

Terry Conroy

CONDITIONS FOR THE KEN GAMMIE MEMORIAL TROPHY

Grade 11 Award to a male student of E.D.H.S.

Be an outstanding youth in the community, school and church of his rearing.

Better than 60% academic average at school.

Be a participant in any three of the following sport activities: Hockey, Lacrosse, Basketball, Track and Field, Baseball.

Be of good moral character.

Be considered a leader among his fellows.

The Committee of Selection to consist of: A representative of the Gammie Family, the Chairman of the Board, the Principal of the High School, the Physical Education Instructor of the High School, and one other to be named by the Gammie family.

The Award or Trophy to be presented at the Annual Graduation Exercises.

MAGAZINE EXECUTIVE

Left to right, Back row: Don Millar (Circulation), Bob Hillis (Advertising), Peter Atkinson (Photographer), Terry Conroy (Advertising), Grant Wissler (Circulation). Front row: Lynne Davidson (Advertising), Shirley Kreps (Treasurer), Dan Wright (Editor), Georgina Curtis (Assistant Editor), Mrs. McKegney (Advisor).

Editor's Message

Well, that's that for 1962-1963's issue of "Undique". It has been a lot of fun and work, but I think it has been well worth it.

Please do not think that I am inefficient but the secrecy of my job does not permit me to know what I am doing.

It is really not as bad as it sounds, because I have had a few ideas which are new and different and I hope you will enjoy them.

On behalf of the students of E.D.H.S. I would like to sincerely welcome the new members to our staff, Mr. Beattie, Mrs. Buchanan, and Mrs. McKegney, and I hope that their stay here will be most memorable.

I would like to congratulate our sport team on their valiant efforts and notable progress.

At this time I would like to thank my staff and all others concerned for their most efficient work to make this magazine a success.

The old folks say that your school days are the best days in your life, so read all about them in the pages that follow.

DAN WRIGHT

Valedictory Address

by Leonard Carey

November, 1962

Mr. Chairman, Honoured Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen, Teachers, Students and Graduates:

A year has passed since last year's graduates left the familiar halls of this High School. Where will we be when another year has passed? With the border dispute between India and China, the question of England and the Common Market, the Berlin crisis and the general air of mystery and hidden hatred between Democracy and Communism as exemplified by the present Cuban conflict, one cannot foretell the future. It follows from this that we must surely see the importance and necessity of education. It teaches us to weigh both sides of an argument, to put aside the veil of politics and prejudice thrown at us and to distinguish right from wrong. Through education we learn to solve our own problems, to exercise our will power and to meet and feel at ease with many kinds of people from many walks of life. The results of education inspire a certain spiritual joy or satisfaction which no amount of money or materialistic belongings will give. But there is also a more practical side to this much-used word, "education". In this modern scientific age, the age of specialization, one can no longer be a "Jack of all trades and master of none", but rather a true master of one's occupation. To achieve this, education is the only way. Even the apparently unrelated material which we must study contributes to that sense of inner contentment that is so necessary if we wish to live a happy, wholesome life.

As witnesses here tonight, many graduates are taking another step in the right direction and some have finished their high school careers to go on to bigger and better things. Betty Fasken has enriched London Teacher's College with her personality, as have Joyce Wideman and Gordon Black at Stratford Teacher's College. Sandra Allen has married and now lives in Fergus; Doris Seifried is using her talents as a laboratory technician in Hamilton; Mary Dickinson has given her abilities to a Nursing career and is now in Toronto; Eric Shafer plans to apply his knowledge when he attends university next year. Sandra Cameron has chosen the University of Toronto as the site of her higher education while Kathleen Main, Bryan Henderson, George Deagle and myself are at the University of Western Ontario. On behalf of this group, the graduating class of '62, I would like to bid farewell to Elora High.

But I am sure that none of us shall ever truly say farewell because we can never forget the many memorable events that we experienced in our five short years here. We all remember well our first day — shy, meek young innocents glorying in the prospect of high school. Then came initiation, another day never to be forgotten in our memories. The new and everlasting friendships we made, the successful social activities, the problems met and conquered — all became part of our education. The opening and first day of classes in this building was surely one of the highlights of many pleasant times together. Our basketball, football and volleyball teams, although not known the world over, did provide many delightful occasions. We may recall our many assemblies in this spacious auditorium, at one of which we seriously presented Mr. Savage with a hair net and Mr. Peppler with a baby's bottle as Christmas gifts. We also had our turn at entertainment in the form of a minstrel show and dramatics — both unforgettable memories. But fortunately for us, these five years have not been all fun and gaiety. We tend to forget the more unpleasant moments of studying for long hours, especially when there were so many more enjoyable things to do. But I think it is safe to say that the greatest highlight of our high school years are these few hours tonight — the culminating point of our life at secondary school, the first step upward into a much larger world, another rung in the ladder of success.

Bearing this in mind we turn our thoughts to those who made all this possible. Heartfelt thanks are extended to the devoted staff who put up with our seemingly ceaseless errors and who continually guided us in the right direction. I hope we have lived up to their expectations. But especially our undying gratitude must be given to our parents for so many reasons that there is not time to relate them all here. I would like at this point to express my personal thanks for the honour of representing my class tonight. And also, thanks to each of my classmates without whom the graduating class of 1961-1962 would not have been the same.

And so I bid a final farewell to you, to Elora District High School, and to its students with whom I leave the guiding words of Richard Jeffries, "The mind of man is practically infinite. It can understand anything brought before it". Thank you.

Grade 13

Grade 13

Back row, left to right: Judy Obright, Nancy Miller, Helen Mitchelmore, Rick Sanmiya, Harold McKee, Paul Atkinson, Bob Bowman, Ross Farrelly, Mary Waind, Linda Ross. Front row: Mary Bowers, Lea Ruston, Arlene Theisson, Marlene Jones, Mrs. Cameron, Gayle Bittorf, Shirley Bowman, Donna Farrelly, Shirley Kreps.

GRADE THIRTEEN'S TRIP TO HAMILTON TO SEE "ARMS AND THE MAN"

Since this is the modern play which Grade 13 is studying this year, we decided it would be a good way to understand the play more fully and to appreciate it better if we saw it produced on the stage.

Thanks to Helen's efforts in securing tickets and arranging transportation, Mr. Beattie, who showed us the way, and Nancy's Dad who provided an extra car, we were all set to go on February 7. We left Elora about a quarter to seven and reached Hamilton about eight o'clock. The only mishap we had was losing Mary, but Mr. Beattie soon found her again and we were in time for the performance.

The play was presented by the Player's Guild of Hamilton and although it was put on by amateurs and some of the characters could have been improved, it was a very worthwhile experience.

After the play was over, we decided to stop for lunch in Hamilton, but since the restaurants were filled we drove on to Guelph before stopping. There we stopped for a midnight snack and then went home. Although the task of keeping ourselves awake during classes the next day was not so pleasant, I am sure the evening was worth it and enjoyed by everyone.

SHIRLEY BOWMAN, 13

CLASS EVENTS

During the year, Grade Thirteen has had two class gatherings. In February we all went to Hamilton to see the play, "Arms and the Man", by Bernard Shaw. There was also a class party in the Christmas vacation at Bob Bowman's.

A SINCERE THANK YOU

Grade Thirteen wishes to express their sincere gratitude to both Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan. It was through their generous ideas, time and work that we were able to decorate the gymnasium for our formal dance. Once again a sincere "thank you" from each one of us in Grade Thirteen.

THEORY ON STUDYING

After looking into the requirements of Study for Grade Thirteen, I have come to the same conclusion as Professor Failure. Professor Failure, at a recent student convention, stated his Philosophy of study. He quoted:

The more you study,
The more you learn.
The more you learn,
The more you forget.
The more you forget,

The less you study,
The less you learn.
The less you learn,
The less you forget.
The less you forget,
The more you know.
So why study ? ?

He further stated that in applying this method, it helped the students to be more concise and not spend too much time on one single question.

I am looking forward to the day when the teachers will teach this new method of study.

BOB BOWMAN

W. J. WEIS

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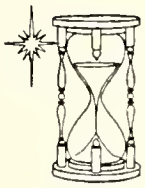

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Literaria

THE COMING OF SPRING

Spring's around the corner
The snow begins to melt,
And soon we'll be forgetting
All the cold we've felt.
The birds are coming north again
They sing their songs so sweet,
Squirrels are chattering gaily,
New animal friends we meet.
Spring is a wonderful time of year
The world all comes to life,
With grass so green and flowers so fair
We forget all of our strife.

SUSAN NELSON

THE RACE

The sun was shining and so was my face
For it was the day of the stock-car race.
The cars were ready all in a line,
By the roar of the engines I knew it was time.
Out of the herd shot a little red job
Leaving the confusion of the rest of the mob
The blood in my veins started to bubble
For the speed he was going was bound to mean trouble.
And if they ask you how he cleared three poles
He went into a spin and completed a roll.
And as they pulled him from the twisted wreck
I could plainly see his twisted neck.

JACK MAIN

SPRING

Define it, impossible;
Describe it, too long:
It appeals to the senses,
Relaxes that which tenses.
You can feel it, mysteriously,
As some happy, lovely, world
Into which you are transported, unawares,
Yet beautiful, tranquil, without worrisome cares.
The birds take up the welcome news,
Flowers are born after lone winter's sleep.
To brighten the world; add incense gay;
Uplift your spirit, and welcome each day.
The air is so clear, its vibrance sincere,
Can infiltrate the most dejected soul.
It is felt, heard, and seen,
Inspired, diffused, as fresh air clean,
And stored internally, for some rainy day.

HELEN MITCHELMORE

THE WAY TO ADVENTURE

Have you ever on a sunny day, watched a seagull or hawk circling above, gliding where ever the breeze blows him and wished you could be up there with him Well, why couldn't you be? A trip to any civilian airport will allow you the privilege. You ask about the sight—seeing rides which are fairly cheap, (a couple of dollars) depending on the type of planes you use.

Well, you have settled for a small two seater plane and are now fastening your seatbelt. The pilot beside you checks to see if you have it tight enough. He starts the engine and some of the instruments quiver into life and you may wonder, if it is your first ride, what you are doing there in the first place. The radio squawks a clearance to taxi and weather report for your plane. Slowly you move down the "run up" to check the motor and get take-off clearance. Next you find yourself moving down the now blurred runway, the engine noise quite noticable. Then a floating feeling and you are in the air, the plane climbs steeply to two or three thousand feet and the engine seems to die as power is reduced after the climb.

Below you are the dusty city streets; like a coloured checker board, are the green, yellow and brown fields stretching to the purple horizon; the clouds are like cotton balls. You settle down and enjoy it and if the pilot is a friendly sort, he would let you fly it a little. You notice an almost complete lack of pressure on the wheel because the plane has been "trimmed" so you could fly it with your hands off the controls. It's easy except you overcontrol because of all the attitudes a plane can get into at once.

Well, time to go back. Shortly, the runway appears over the nose of the plane. Landing instructions are received, the nose drops steeply, the instruments show a one thousand feet a minute descent. A slight sinking feeling is noticed in the stomach. The earth seems to fill the windshield. Then, at what seems to be the last minute, the nose rises, blue sky appearing in the top of the windshield once more, engine idling, a light bump, rolling to a stop and its over. You have been in a new world not bothered by beeping horns or the rush of every day life. Best of all, you had been almost a seagull for a few moments and now you envy them.

ALLAN MacLEAN

MODERN MAN IS THE SLAVE OF THE CLOCK

Man has invented calendars and clocks to mark the steady passage of the days and hours. However, mathematical time and human time are not the same, and therefore should be measured differently. The ticking of a clock is not the beating of a heart, and the years we spend in sleep are not the same as those of waking time. Human time is long or short, blurred or clear, active or still, without regard to dates or clocks. Yet, we are restrained under the yoke of this man-made system.

Constantly, in both our work and recreation, this dictator imposes deadlines which must be met. During working hours, there is a constant race against time to accomplish various chores. When we are this busy, there never seems to be sufficient time, and the hours fly past. In other instances, time seems retarded and drags by. For a sick person, forced to be inactive for a long period, we know this is the case. For others, although daytime may pass rapidly, the night hours may drag if they are unable to sleep. Also, if we anticipate something out of the ordinary and exciting, the hours seem to be weighted. But as we are mere human beings, we respect the rule of the clock.

Time does not exact as complete submission from the young. Although certainly not totally exempt from time, our reaction to it is not the same, so we measure it differently. We have so much of it before us, that time fails to exert the meaningful urgency it seems to hold to older people. We take the passing hours less seriously, and do not hoard them, but spend them. A child, innocent of time, possesses it, but takes it for granted as a natural gift such as air or sunlight; while to our time-harried elders, it is a commodity to buy and sell and bargain for. Although the actions of a child may be experimental, the actions of adults are more apt to be expedient.

To a practical person, a clock may be the instrument by which he regulates his orderly and constructive life.

Whether or not we regard it in this way, it does regulate our lives and we have few respites. Some people, having a very relaxed attitude toward life, may feel less prodded by time; but should we be late for something, there is usually some punishment in consequence. Our single rebellion seems to come annually in the spring, when everyone ignores some duty or deadline to appreciate the transformation of the countryside. However, we are never actually free of time — and modern man is enslaved by the clock.

MARY WAIND

FADS AND FASHIONS

Fads and fashions are not only to-day's whims, but they were yesterday's realities and will be tomorrow's fancies. Trends change. They are as variable as each day! as impulsive as their creators; and as lasting as the tastes of the conformists who set their pace. Had we been a universe of individualistic minds, there would be no such word as "fad" and no ever-increasing race in "fashion".

What is a "fad"? Normally, it is a sweeping craze of something new, something up-to-date and something stylishly right. A fad is a hurried fashion, prodded and pushed, coaxed and shoved through its short-lived existence by the ready-for-anything multitudes who gobble up the newest whims of flimsy fashion.

Fads have been in existence for perhaps as long as man himself. Certainly the cave man's animal skin or Adam's fig leaf were absolutely the "latest" in their day. But through the ages, has so great a change really been effected in the basic ideas of briefest clothing possible? Would the mere attire of the ancient Greeks and Egyptians be regarded as scanty beside the Roman toga, the Indian loin-cloth and today's bikini?

To Father Time, cautiously regarding Earth at a safe and respectable distance, the changing modes must be amusing. To see in one mass so comparatively small as ours, a horse for transportation one day, a cart the next, a carriage, a boat and lo and behold! — a car, an aeroplane and a space ship, he must chuckle to himself, watching our frugal efforts.

Our sports and recreation are in a modish pattern also. How great is the expanse between chariot races, sword fighting and our modern sports car races, wrestling, boxing, hockey and baseball? Dances too, have been transformed from the primitive war dances to the dignified waltz and not so dignified polka, to the bouncy charleston and returning again to the primitive — our latest rage, the "Twist".

Fads and fashions are whimsical, fly-by-night affairs, ever changing, endless. Never shall we be free from these bonds of our society. Conformity holds us fast; being "with it" prevents any opposition. A recurrent thought in my own mind is, "What will come next?"

JUDY OBRIGHT

NEW MOON

When the moon enters this phase of its life, and glides, slowly, between our earth and the sun, due to some scientific theory that I have neither the time nor ability to explain, it appears as a mere sliver of crescent-shaped whiteness, strangely isolated in the star-saturated sky.

To many people, this image is a symbol of society and superstition. At fortune-tellers' booths at fairs and bazaars, the new moon crescent, is as frequent as black cats and toads. Many superstitious people believe that it is bad luck to look at the new moon through tree branches or glass windows. Optimists turn over any money or coins that they have in their pockets to ensure future prosperity throughout the new moon. Elderly people that predict the weather state that if it is upright, good weather will follow, if it is on its side, it is holding water in its lap, and will give us rain, very shortly. Also gypsies regarded it frequently as a symbol of the mysterious and unexplainable.

To poets and songwriters, it provides a basis for poetical verses and mellifluous songs.

Many songs about the moon contain such adjectives as "full", "dark", and "blue" and with a little imagination, these stages can clearly be seen, during the moon's eclipses, but the most startling picture of the moon is in its new phase when, at the beginning of each month, its crescent-shaped form glows brightly in the otherwise darkened world.

Thus, for the superstitious, it provides a ground for mystery and intrigue; for the artistic it provides a ground for beautiful and descriptive verses; and as for me, who is neither overly superstitious nor poetic, it provides a picture of a quiet, yet beautiful moon, in a lonely, cold vacuum.

HELEN MITCHELMORE

VIRTUE LIES IN THE MEAN, VICE, IN THE EXTREME

Is the moderate drinker more virtuous than the total abstainer? Recent findings seem to prove what has long been suspected; smoking is imperious to the health as well as to the pocketbook. Would those who remember that it is but a short step from the moderate use of tobacco to its excessive use, say that the non-smoker is more virtuous because he does not smoke, say ten cigarettes a day?

Had Moses been a moderate man he never would have made the extreme demand that Pharoah free the Children of Israel. Instead he probably would have settled for some fringe benefits such as: no more than one hundred lashes per slave in any one day, perhaps a fifteen minute coffee break at noon, or full retirement at the age of eighty-five on half rations. If this had been so it is likely we would never have heard of Moses. If Christ had not been considered an extremist and a dangerous man he would not have been crucified and thus would not have become the centre of the Christian religion.

Mohammed was considered an extremist and even a fanatic but he opened a whole new world to the Arab people and founded one of the religions of the world. Another extremist, Sylvia Pankhurst and her suffragettes who won votes and equal rights for women were jailed many times. So, it has been down through history, that men and women who have been considered extremists, zealots or fanatics have changed the world. To the masses of the people they have been like yeast in inert dough.

In the fourth decade of this century Stanley Baldwin was Prime Minister of Great Britain. He was a moderate man who took the middle road at all times. He was very popular because he pooh-poohed the idea of war and cut expenditure on armaments to a minimum. At the same time an extremist and alarmist named Winston Churchill was without political office, yet continually

warned the British of the dangers that lay ahead and urged the government to rearm. When the storm finally broke, to whom did the people turn and who today, remembers the name of Stanley Baldwin? Winston Churchill's name will live as long as English history is read.

History is not made by moderates or conformists but by those who take a strong stand and stick to it with zeal and persistence However, it is true that some pervert their great qualities to unworthy ends, such as was done by Napoleon, Hitler and Stalin. Think of the good that could have been accomplished in the world had these three used their great powers for good rather than evil!

MARY BOWERS

A STORM

The sun shone over the little town on that unforgettable morning. It was early spring and all was quiet except for the faint chirping of the birds. Soon the streets filled with people bustling and hurrying as if to do some important thing that couldn't wait. Spring was certainly in the air once again, and important things seemed to be about to happen.

Time passed on through the morning and the trees waved gently with the breeze. The river had been still at dawn, but now ripples could be seen rocking the reeds in the water. Suddenly, the world seemed to stop and people walking by looked up into the sky. Dark and sullen clouds abscured the once blue sky with gloom.

In the town everyone began to hurry for shelter. The cloudburst came upon them with a tremendous downpour of rain. Branches from the maples were ripped off by the sudden gusts of wind that whipped about. A flash of lightning brightened the night-like darkness and the thunder followed with a great disturbance of noise. No more were the songs of the birds. All that was seen and heard were the flashes of lightning accompanied by the thunder-claps in the heavens above. Dust was swept up in the boisterous wind. The stroke of lightning sheared like the blade of a sword as the rain fell in torrents to the ground. Flooded were the streets. Was this town to be isolated from the rest of the world?

Now all is silent. The wind is slowing down and somehow the sun peeks out from behind the cloud-swept sky as if nothing had happened below. Once more the river is calm and the reeds stand still as tin soldiers. The clouds wheel southward and warm breezes begin to blow. A robin is heard high among the trees as if to call to the others that all is well.

JENNIFER PLYLEY, 12

J'arrive de l'école
Mon coeur tout bas
J'ai dit à Maman
Je ne comprends pas.
Maman dit à papa
Elle ne comprend pas
Papa me dit
Ecoute-moi ma fille
Tes leçons tu sais
Tes devoirs tu fais
Je ne comprends pas
Quoi tu ne sais pas.
A Papa j'ai dit
Ce n'est pas votre faute
Ce n'est pas le vôtre
C'est ta fille
Elle ne sait pas lire.

By BRENDA GILMAN, 10A

Hier dans la classe.
J'ai eu une glace.
Elle a fait la maîtresse fâchée
Mais elle m'a dit "Restez après la classe et aidez".
J'ai lavé la fenêtre
Et j'ai nettoyé le pupitre,
Puis j'ai brossé le tableau
Quand je suis arrivé à la maison maman m'a donné un cadeau.

ROBERT MUSSELMAN, 9B

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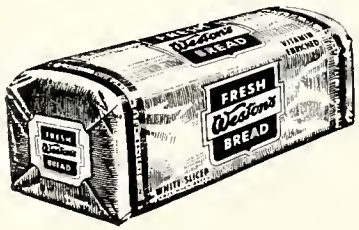

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Activities

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Left to right: Danny Wright (Vice-President), Lynne Cameron (Secretary), Doreen Cummings (Treasurer), Murray Wilson (President).

MESSAGE FROM THE STUDENT'S COUNCIL

Student's Council activities this year were much the same as last year. A number of dances and social functions were held including a Graduation Night and the Annual At Home. School rings were purchased as well as group and individual pictures. A good number of students requested personal photos. I think our main purpose this year was to build up the existing finances of the Council.

However, difficulties did occur. The refreshment machine was unavoidably closed down for a few weeks. Also a number of damages occured but aside from this, the activities went quite smoothly.

We would like also to wish the Graduating Class all the success in the world for their futures.

MURRAY WILSON, (Pres.)

ASSEMBLY

The Christmas Assembly of 1962 was held on the last day of school, December 21, put on by Literary Society.

Peter Atkinson was the Master of Ceremonies, introucing a three-act play entitled "The Second Marriage of Santa Claus", directed by Mrs. Jankowski. Carol Lee and Fred Hill took the part of the mother and father, while Lynne Cameron was their teenage daughter and Charles Cawthra, a friend of hers. Elizabeth Pattison and Chris Miller were relatives of the family. George Wissler was Santa Claus.

Following the play, Sandra Speers and Dorothy Hastie sang a duet accompanied by Doreen Cumming on the piano. We were favoured with a few selections by Murray Wilson and his band. Following this the Glee Club directed by Mr. Beattie gave a few numbers. Mr. Gliddon led the student body in singing some Christmas carols.

At this time Santa Claus came bounding in, played by Brian Smith.

DONNA DOLSON

THE GIRLS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

After school started, we held classroom elections resulting in each class appointing a girl to represent them in the G.A.A. Then we held an assembly and there we elected Liz Pattison to be President and Barb Mitchelmore as Vice-President. We later met and decided to hold a Hallowe'en Dance.

The girls of the G.A.A. decorated the gym with the help of Mrs. Mackay and Mrs. Buchanan. It was set out by a snow fence in one corner depicting a typical farm scene. The stage was brightly adorned with a large half moon and a witch flying across the sky.

The dance turned out to be a great success with such distinguished guests as Fidel Castro, gypsies, hoboes, ghosts, cowboys and many prominent visitors. This has been a very successful year for the G.A.A.

PHYLLIS WATSON, 12

I would like to tell you about Mrs. MacKay's party for the girls of the volley ball team. There was Liz Pattison, Mary Waind, Karen Halls, Georgina Curtis, Doreen Cummings, Marlene Jones, Shirley Kreps, Phyllis Watson, Barb Michamore, Shirley Ross and myself, who went down. Liz Pattison took a truckload of girls and Marlene Jones took a car full of girls also. Liz picked up her group of girls and we met Marlene down in Elora. Marlene left town before we did. I went with Liz and 5 others. Four of us sat in the back of the truck on some bales of straw and two sat in the front. When we arrived at Mrs. Mackay's apartment, Marlene was already there and Mr. Beattie was also there. We talked of sports, and played records, and with her black dog, Ralph. Mrs. Mackay brought out her ten foot teddy bear and her three foot monkey. Mr. Mackay came in as we just got settled and Mrs. Mackay introduced us to him. One thing Mrs. Mackay did was feed us well. All night she fed us chips, peanuts and soft drinks. Later about 11 o'clock she asked us to come into the kitchen and fill our plates with spaghetti and chili sauce. By that time everyone was getting full and then later she brought us a dish of ice cream. We all helped with the dishes and vacuumed up the crumbs on the carpet. It was about 12:15 when we started to leave. We thanked Mrs. Mackay and went out into the pouring rain. Liz brought only five home and two of us had to sit in the back of the truck in the rain. We all took turns sitting in the back. I think we all had a wonderful time, at least I did.

WANDA McKEE, Grade 10B

ASSEMBLY

Throughout the school year we were shown slides or a film and given a talk on some interesting topic during an assembly. This included a speech about Russia on U.N. day by Mr. Gilman.

According to his description, Russia is extremely advanced in some fields but at the same time is extremely backwards in others. To illustrate this, he explained how the streets were extremely clean, but the restaurants were dirty and the waitresses were sloppily dressed. Mr. Gilman explained how their education system differed from ours. Between the ages of two and five they go to a sort of Kindergarten. From eight until they are fifteen or sixteen, they attend a primary school. From there they can either get a job or go to middle school until they are nineteen. These are technical schools and the students get paid the wage of an unskilled labourer. From here they can work for two years and take a correspondence or night school course or just work. If they wish, they can go to a university and get a degree. Graduates of a University get more freedom and receive twice the pay of an uneducated man.

With regards to housing, Mr. Gilman said that it was inadequate but many new apartment blocks were being built, to solve the problem of many families living in

LITERARY REPRESENTATIVES

Left to right, Back row: Georgina Curtis (12), Shirley Kreps (13), Donna Dolson (11-B), Linda Bosomworth (10-B), Gitta Kraemer (10-A). Front row: George Wissler (9-B), Roger Wright (9-A), Mrs. Jankowski (Literary Advisor), Tom McManus (9-C), Peter Atkinson (11-B).

one room. The result of this is that the families are not large.

After his speech, Mr. Gilman showed some slides taken during his recent trip to Russia.

THE "AT HOME"

On February 15, 1963, the biggest event of the school year commenced.

The decorations were greatly admired by all attending and had been constructed by the Grade Thirteen students with the help of Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan and a few others. There were dragon'd and lettr'd Chinese banners from the ceiling, large Chinese figures complementing the walls, golden Chinese trees with party-decorated lanterns. The orchestra was completely surrounded by a gay atmosphere of "the Orient". This atmosphere was silhouetted by a huge impressive "Buddah" gazing from behind the band at the happy dancers. There was incense, as goes with every "Buddah", also brought by Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, who had constructed and painted the golden "Buddah" also. The whole colour scheme was red, black and gold. There were lanterns, banners and Chinese figures and music in the cafeteria. The hall was also lavishly decorated with wind chimes at the entrance, and life-like, huge, brightly painted Chinese fish in the hall, and a decorated trophy case, with lots of coloured foil. These bright streamers of coloured foil were also hung along the gallery and in the doorway to the gym, which resembled an oriental curtain.

Merv Woods and his orchestra entertained and some of their music consisted of polkas, twists and waltzes, all of which were joined in and enjoyed by everyone.

Mrs. Cora Nicholls of Elora catered for refreshments which were served half-way through the dance, at the half-hour intermission, and accepted also by the Bandsmen. Many took their food back to the tables in the gymnasium. There were dainty sandwiches and cookies with delicious fruit punch.

The dress was semi-formal, with corsages. Admission was $2.00 per couple, a satisfactory price for everyone. There were more than fifty couples attending who were welcomed by a reception line of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Savage, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Halls, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mock, Danny Wright and Barb Mitchelmore.

The evening was a great success and everyone had a wonderful time.

BARB MITCHELMORE, Grade 12

UNIVERSITY EXPLORATION

On February 1st, 1962, Waterloo Lutheran University sponsored a program of exploring the University. This was opened to the students of Grades XII and XIII. Four students from this school attended. The session began with registration. Here we received information concerning the courses available and the extra curricular activities open to the students. Our host was the Dean.

After registration we attended four lectures. These were actually introductions to subjects not taught on the secondary school level. These include Psychology, Sociology, Politics and Business Administration; each given by the head professor on campus. This tour included the men's residence, the student activity building, which was built and maintained by the student body, and contains the offices of the student societies as well as the cafeteria. To add to the glamour of university life, the week-end after was the Ice Carnival. The campus was dotted with immense figures carved from ice and snow. There was also a battery of clowns wandering about on their way to the hospitals to see the children. Thus the campus was a hive of activity.

After another series of lectures on Philosophy and Economics, we had dinner as guests of the University. Thus ended a morning at university. In this fast changing world it is becoming a necessity to have a University degree. This morning spent at Waterloo Lutheran University was valuable experience in helping us think ahead. I sincerely hope that if the opportunity presents itself again, more students from this school will take advantage of it and attend. It is well worth it.

By RIC WOODS, Grade 12

OUR TRIP TO STELCO STEEL

At last the long-awaited Saturday had dawned, dreary and icy though it was. By eight o'clock we were on our way and an hour and a half later we arrived at the main entrance of Stelco, where five guides boarded the bus. They provided those without glasses with "goggles". They travelled with us by bus from mill to mill because of the distance.

The first large spectacle was two huge mountains of material. One was red hematite ore; the other was coking coal. This coal was put into coking ovens where it was heated without oxygen until it turned into coke. The red hot material was then dumped into railway cars and taken to be cooled so it wouldn't burn up until it could be used. The water was pre-heated to preveent shattering of the coke.

Then the coke was taken to the blast furnaces, where it was used to heat the raw iron ore to approximately 3000 degrees. From here, huge ladles, about ten feet in diameter, transport the molten iron ore to the open hearth furnaces. One ladle of iron ore is emptied within five minutes, accompanied by showers of sparks. Now the ore is cooked, like a pudding, with limestone and other minor ingredients being added in definite quantities. It takes about nine hours to cook a batch. Then it is poured into ingot moulds.

When these moulds have cooled, they are stripped off and the ingots are re-heated to a temperature high enough for rolling. They are rolled into rods, bars or sheets of steel. The sheeting is then galvanized by immersing it into a zinc bath. These steel goods are sent to various plants in Ontario and Quebec to be made into wire, nuts and bolts, and other steel products Much of the steel sheeting is sent to the automobile industries.

As we were leaving the plant, one guide pointed out the huge "Stelco" sign. Some of the letters are about two hundred feet high and the whole sign requires about one and a quarter miles of neon tubing to light it up. This was the final highlight of our tour.

We arrived at the main entrance again where the guides got off and we began our homeward journey. The bus reached Elora at about two o'clock in the afternoon and thus ended an interesting trip to Stelco Steel in Hamilton.

GWEN BOWMAN, 12

STUDENTS' NITE AT WATERLOO UNIVERSITY

Our English teacher mentioned that we could get "Masterpieces of Comedy from the English Theatre".

Of course everybody thought this was strictly for the birds. However, the three birds that went thoroughly

University. Four Shakespearean actors were presenting enjoyed themselves. The four actors presented sixteen exerpts ranging from the sixteenth to the twentieth century.

Their versatility amazed everyone. The scripts were so varied but the scenery and costumes changed little and seldom.

All the exerpts were humorous and most were the "Masterpieces" that didn't get into the text books. In fact more than several sounded much like exerpts from "Peyton Place" rather than the work of Shakespeare or Shaw.

They called this Students' Nite, but judging the crowd students are older now than they used to be. The four actors went on to play in Toronto.

ANNE CHAMBERLAIN

UNITED NATIONS CLUB

Shortly after school's beginning in September, a new member of our teaching staff, Mr. J. W. Gilbart, suggested to a group of us that a U.N. Club be formed for our school. Officers elected were:

Secretary-General—CALVIN HARRINGTON
Vice-Secretary—TOM HENDERSON
Secretary—RODNEY WITZEL

Membership is from Grades 9 and 10. Mr. Gilbart resigned his position in December, but the club has remained intact.

Regular meetings were lively and interesting. Discussions are held on world, national and political topics.

In December, the club sponsored the Annual Christmas Dance. The gym was decorated in the traditional Christmas theme, featuring pine trees, many strings of lights, and other enchanting decoration.

The decorating was done entirely by the club executive, nine in all.

This was one of the most successful dances of the year, in attendance, and a good profit was achieved.

On behalf of the executive I would like to thank the staff and students for the support of this club.

TOM HENDERSON, 10A

A GRADE NINER'S FIRST DAY AT E.D.H.S.

Excitement was high in the air. This was the first day back at school. But there was a certain group who were especially excited and anxious. You've guessed it? The grade niners of course!

On arrival we felt at a loss as to where to go, and what to do. We were trying to find some of our old friends, but what sort of attempt can you make when a couple of hundred students are pushing around you?

Finally Mr. Savage announced over the intercom that all students go into the auditorium.

The teachers were introduced first: Mr. Savage, Principal; Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Buchanan, Mr. Gilbart, Mr. Gliddon, Mr. Peppler, Mr. Sochocheff, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Mackay, Mr. Beattie and Mrs. Jankowski.

Then we listened attentively to the reading of all the student's names, their home room, and home teacher.

Nine A—home teacher, Mrs. Buchanan, Room 3;

Boy's Athletic Association
Front row, left to right: Mr. Peppler, Jerry McKenna, Brian Oakes (Pres.), Grant Wissler, Mr. Beattie. Back row, left to right: Ricky Sanmiya, Terry Conroy, Mike Moynihan, Tom Henderson, Dan Walser, Joe Day, Bill Brown, Bob Gammie.

students . . . My name wasn't to be found on that list. Nine B—home teacher, Mr. Beattie, Room 7, pupils . . . My name was among those on that list. Now, to find Room 7. When we got there we all took a seat. Mr. Beattie gave us hand books, and a piece of paper with our daily schedule on it. Then we were given a sheet of paper that we had to fill out. Of course, pens were needed and a number of us didn't have them. If you have never seen flying pens, you should have been there. We were dismissed at approximately ten o'clock.

So ended our first day at E.D.H.S.

RUTH BITTORF, 9B

AN ILLUSTRIOUS HOCKEY GAME

It was Wednesday afternoon and excitement was accumulating. Finally five-thirty rolled around. The big attraction was the Girls' Hockey Team vs. The Staff of the Elora District High School. The goalie for the girls was lying on the ice receiving last minute adjustments. Then it happened. The staff staggered onto the ice.

After positions were taken for the beginning face off, the puck was dropped. The first goal was soon scored by Boom Boom Beattie. A short time later he received the only penalty of the game. Meanwhile, Flash Mackay was slowly creeping along the boards. The next exciting incident was when Dirty Peppler very delicately placed one skate on the ice as if it was glass. He spent the rest of the period in front of the goal which Gump Sookocheff bravely defended. Smasher Jankowski took out all grudges on students on the team and vice versa.

The second and third period continued the same as the first with football helmets and teachers sprawled all

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Left to right, Back row: Phyllis Watson, Lynne Cameron, Ann Wipperman, Wanda MacKee, Mary Lou Clyde, Linda Beams, Jane Savage. Front row: Mrs. Mackay (Advisor), Lynne Davidson (Secretary), Elizabeth Pattison (President), Barbara Mitchelmore (Vice-President), Marlene Jones.

over the ice. The final score was nine to one for the teachers. This illustrious hockey game is sure to stand out in the memories of many students and non-skating teachers of Elora District High.

ROBERT FENWICK, 11B

TEACHERS VS. GIRLS

The hockey game that Wednesday night
Actually was quite a sight,
With the Staff in football helmets and skates
And everyone skating at different rates.
Boom Boom Beattie's perseverence
Earned him a penalty for interference.
Gump Sookocheff guarded the nets
And caught that puck like the New York Mets.
Flash Mackay was really hot,
She went right in and took her shot;
The rubber disc went over the top
And then Peg Hillis prepared for the stop.
Mrs. Buchanan grabbed the puck
And passed to Jankowski who had to duck,
The puck went up and over the boards
And hit the seats with resounding discords.
Dirty Peppler tried his luck,
He took his shot, but where was the puck?
Then there was action in his own territory,
The girls scored a goal and were in their glory.
How they did it I don't know
But they defeated the girls with a comedy show.
The score at last was a 9 to 1 tie,
And the second line is a kind of a lie.

NEIL WILSON, 9B

ELORA DISTRICT HIGH SCHOOL BRASS BAND
Left to right, Back row: Murray Wilson, Ronnie Thiesson, Alfred Thiesson, Roger Wright, Wayne Gammie, Ricky Thiesson, Alan Brown, Steven Thorning, Mary Main, Susan Bell, Danny Wright. Front row: Arden Fisher, Sandra Speers, Mark Hebner, Christine Wright, Christine Miller, Phyllis Hornsby.

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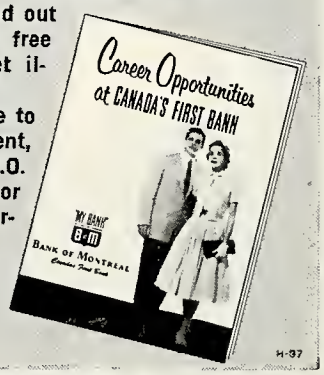

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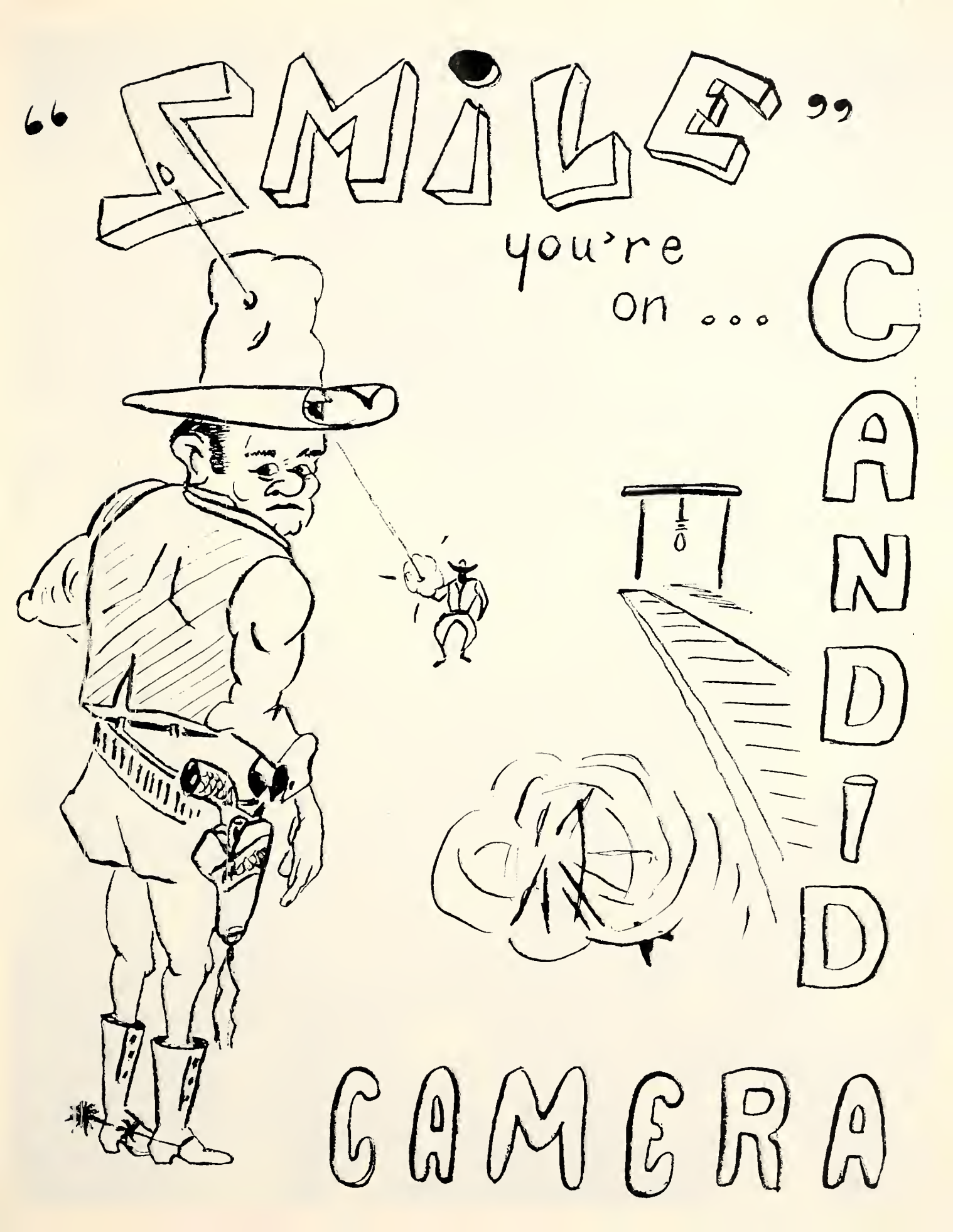
"SMILE"
you're on ...
CANDID
CAMERA

Class News

Grade 12
Back row, left to right: Eddie O'Keefe, Larry McKee, William Mol, Murray Wilson, Bob Hillis, Jerry Wilson, Bob Davidson, Curtis Oakes, Mike Avruskin, Brian Oakes, Dennis O'Keeffe. Middle row: Fred Hughes, Terry Conroy, Elwin Wittick, Clifford Howes, Robert Postle, Ricky Woods, Danny Wright. Front row: Gwen Bowman, Georgina Curtis, Dorothy Cunningham, Phyllis Watson, Karen Halls, Jennifer Plyley, Barbara Mitchelmore, Mr. Gliddon.

VALUES IN LIFE

We do not all have the same "Values in Life", but everyone has his or her own ideas of what he or she considers valuable. Values in life change, just the same as the values of articles of trade change. When you are young you have a different set of values than when you are older and those who are wealthy have a different set of values in life than those who are poor.

Some people value money and social position above everything else and they judge their friends by the size of their home and by what make of car they drive. Others value education and will work hard to get the necessary marks to pass their examinations.

If you consider world travel to far or dangerous places important, then you would have to do without many luxuries that other people find necessary in order to get money to make the trips.

There is a class of people, both young and old, who think the only thing in life is to have a good time and do as little as possible.

Unless your work and the way you live brings you personal satisfaction, then you know that your "Values in Life" are all wrong.

DOROTHY CUNNINGHAM, Grade 12

WHAT WILL IT BE ?

I thought and thought but could not see
What my contribution to the magazine would be
"We're short of news", the editor said,
Write something or you all shall be dead.
Everyone began to think and think
What would they write on — the game at the rink ?
Where the teachers were successful,
The students regretful.
The students were confident, but not too spry
For Mr. Sookocheff didn't let one goal go by;
Boob-Boom Beattie and Mr. Mad Man Mackay,
Landed the points with many a play.
The females just stood there with their huge helmets on,
Waiting for someone to bring the puck along.
Many parents and friends turned out to the game,
Which brought the teachers their fortune and fame.

By KAREN HALLS, Grade 12

CAN YOU IMAGINE . . . ?

—Mrs. Mackay without Ralph?
—Mrs. Brown in a good mood after Grade 12
—Stew not Mrs. Mackay's "Star Student"?
—"Boozy" called Ruth?
—Kathryn with a short answer?
—11A without Margriet?
—Lynne not apologizing for her bad deeds?
—One Chris without the other?
—Chuck not knowing the meaning of a word?
—Mrs. Brown's Latin class without Fred?
—Jerry not saying "Oh agony"?

—Doreen not at a Bantam hockey game?
—The Girls' Hockey Team winning a game?
—Chris Wright not saying "Well, that's life"?
—Dianne not saying "I could have crawled through a knot hole"?
—Bob Hillis not saying "Could you explain this to me, sir?"
—Mr. Beattie not blushing?

DOREEN CUMMING,
DIANNE WITZEL

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN . . . ?

—Pete Atkinson said "Je suis Belle" in French class.
—Mike was caught wearing a ladies slip in P.E.
—The day we sang "Happy Birthday" to Mrs. Brown five months too late.
—The day Bill McCord said "I guess" to Mr. Savage and disappeared off to the sick bay.
—The day Mrs. Brown was away and we got into a traffic jam by room six.
—Bob Hillis didn't have a spare.

JERRY McKENNA

THE TEACHERS

Mr. Savage heads them all,
Because he is the principal,
Teaching Trigonometry
To those students of thirteen.
Mrs. Jankowski speaks in French,
Coinciding with her life's call,
If you meet her "dans la rue"
She will greet you "Comment allez-vous?"
Mrs. Cameron knows her English,
Perfection is most necessary,
Mrs. Brown with her Latin,
Drills and drills to no avail.
Mr. Gliddon teaches Math and Botany,
And Algebra from A squared to Z squared.
Mr. Beattie with his Geometry and Business Practice
Enjoys his badminton classes too.
Mr. Sookocheff loves his Science,
Lecturing is his second best,
Mr. Peppler and his English,
Always saying "Push ups, please".
Mrs. McKegney last to arrive,
Has impressed us with her History,
Together with Mrs. Mackay who
Teaches Geography most thoroughly.
Mrs. Buchanan enjoys her Art,
Never leaving a point unnoticed,
What a lot of teachers have we,
But they do their very best.

Alas for Little Willie,

Grade 11A
Back row, left to right: Wayne Lockhart, Henry Mol, Fred Hill, Arthur Weis, Jerry McKenna, Peter Atkinson, Grant Wissler, Charles Cawthra, Bill McCord, Steward Smith. Centre row, left to right: Lynne Cameron, Carol Lee, Doreen Cumming, Chris Wright, Chris Miller, Judy Miller, Shirley Ross, Kathy Bott, Nancy Passmore, Ruth Bosomworth, Dianne Witzel, Dorothy Hastie. Front row, left to right: Sharon Norris, Margriet Krabbe, Wendy Lockhart, Mrs. Mackay, Sandra Speers, Lynne Davidson, Kathy Hall.

Grade 11B
Back row, left to right: Donald Swanson, Ken Allen, Ruth Ann Musselman, Elizabeth Pattison, Donna Kittel, Robert Fenwick, Mike Moynihan. Front row, left to right: Roseanne O'Connor, Karen Bowman, Mrs. Brown, Doreen Ruppel, Donna Dolson.

For Willie is no more
For what he thought was H_2O
Was H_2SO_4.

BEATRICE BOWMAN, 10A

I CAN'T CONTRIBUTE TO THE MAGAZINE

A certain teacher keeps insisting
That I quit my silly wincing
And get something down on paper.
But, my compositions appear disgraceful.
I know no new jokes that are tasteful,
And riddles, I'll probably think of later.
As for now, I guess I will quit
Trying to think of a little bit
To contribute, and, continue to be lazier.

By ELWYN WITTICH, Grade 12

DICTIONARY MEANING OF ELORA DISTRICT HIGH SCHOOL

ELORA
DISTRICT—The land over which a lord had a right to seize goods for debt; a part of a country over which a court has power; a part marked off for a purpose.
HIGH —Lifted up; far above the ground; far up in rank or character; great in price, difficulty, or degree; loud; a high place or degree; in a high manner, strongly.
SCHOOL —A place for teaching; those taught; those who follow the same teacher, or who hold the same opinions or beliefs; opinion or customs common at a certain; a school of fish.

Therefore Elora District High School could be: a part marked off for a purpose far above the ground for a school of fish.

BILL McCORD, 11A

SCHOOL

To me school is a part of my life where I start to develop into an adult. To-day it is very difficult to obtain a job without a basic education. The events at school, such as basketball games, films, and activities, are also very interesting.

To me the most exciting day of all is field day, when all the schools in the area compete in field events. I think it is a great feeling when my own friends represent the school and win a tournament. To me school is a very important stage in my life.

BRIAN KITTEL, 10A

THE MOST UNPREDICTABLE DISTRACTION OF ALL

We had worked without any interruptions for the better part of the class. Alas, to the teacher's displeasure every head turned toward the window, not to

see an enormous diesel with fifty cars, storming down the track, making a thunderous drone which one could hardly ignore, but a simple little train consisting of the engine, the coal car, and the caboose. It made only the odd screechy noise other than its quaint little "Toot, toot!" This unfailing surprise gives us a relaxing pause from our seemingly never-ending school day.

ALAN BROWN, 9B

DAILY BUS ROUTE

E—every morning when I wake,
L—long before it is day break,
O—out of bed I quickly hurry.
R—right on time in a great scurry;
A—always ready to catch the bus.
H—how early it comes to pick us up;
I—in and out the sideroads many,
G—going back and forth to not miss any.
H—having at last, a real full load.
S—so out to school, on a bumpy road.
C—catching a bus is lots of fun,
H—how much you miss when you have none,
O—on we work from nine to four;
O—out comes our driver, once more,
L—last of all home we go to — homework.

HOWARD CAREY, 9B

KITCHEN AT NOON

At five to twelve they come rushing in
Filling the kitchen to the brim.
Some with aches and alibies,
Some who said those were good meat pies.
And then there are those who are last in line
Because of their names they forgot to sign.
Sometimes they must go without
But they'll remember next time, no doubt.
Ten minutes later, they have disappeared,
But their plates remain in the sink, all smeared
Before us lies that hated task
Of washing the dishes before going to class.
Mrs. Nichol prods us on
And pretty soon our work is done.
We snatch our books and dash to class,
And what do you know, we're not even last.

GWEN BOWMAN, 12

Grade 10A
Back row, left to right: John McKenna, Arden Fisher, Bill Barnes, Wayne Whitelaw, John Bird, John Noonan, Derk Krabbe, Eric Thiessen, Lorne Kerr, Brian Walser, Brian Kittle. Centre row, left to right: Edith Shoemaker, Shirley Wilkinson, Stuart Main, Robert Fasken, Don Miller, Tom Henderson, Earl Chamberlain, Stewart Robertson, Charles Wilson, Ronald Thiessen, Nancy Bowman, Carol Martin. Front row, left to right: Beatrice Bowman, Gitta Kraemer, Ann Wipperman, Mary Burnett, Ann Noonan, Mr. Peppler, Judy Trilesky, Mary Calversbert, Elizabeth Pieper, Brenda Gilman, Myrtle Barber.

Grade 10B

Back row, left to right: Jim Ennis, Calvin Harrington, Fred Shephard, Blaine MacGruthers, Leslie Barber, Martin Leaver, Rodney Witzel, Gary Watt, Gerald Gottfried, Clint Mock. Middle row, left to right: Brian Smith, Barry Watt, Daniel Walser, Wanda McKee, Jannice Cushing, Ella Herman, Pat Hillis, Irene Bayne, Pat Claxton, Terry McKee, Russell Bott. Front row, left to right: Pat Dickinson, Sandra Johnston, Janet MacKenzie, Linda Bosomworth, Mr. Sookocheff, Sheila Rogers, Susan Hamilton, Edna Howlett, Lois McLachlan.

Grade 9A

Back row, left to right: Howard Marr, Alfred Thiessen, Roger Wright, Brian Montgomery, Brian Weadick, Walter Swanson, John McManus, Bob Gammie, Lorne Marr. Middle row, left to right: John Worton, Wayne Gammie, Jim Young, Gerald Bird, Colonel Towriss, Brian Aiken, Douglas Fox, John Passmore, John Moynihan. Front row, left to right: Ross Benham, Jane Savage, Jean Cameron, Beth Bowers, Mrs. Buchanan, Bonnie Craig, Louise Mock, Raymond Allen.

Jokes

Jim: Can you write in the dark?
Father: Certainly, son, what do you want me to write.
Jim: Your name on my report card.

EVA HERMAN, 9B

To a son who just learned to drive:

Son, we don't mind your borrowing the car, but won't you write and say where your are?

BONNIE CRAIG, 9A

A SMILE OR TWO

Mrs. Brown: Tom, you shouldn't laugh out loud.
Tom: I'm sorry, I smiled and it busted.

Mr. Savage: How fast does light travel?
Allen: Fast enough to get here too early in the morning.

Mr. Peppler: Boys, lie flat on you backs and move your feet in the air as if you were paddling your bicycle. Jerry! move those feet.
Jerry: But sir, I'm coasting.

Mrs. Jankowski: Why are you shivering? The weather is quite warm today.
Bill: Yes, I know. But it's zero on my paper.

Peter: Do you know that Sam keeps his shoes on all night?
Mr. Beattie: Why?
Peter: He's a horse.

SMILES FOR TODAY

The Roman's greatest achievement was they understood Latin.

George and I like the same things, only he likes to save it and I like to spend it.

JOHN WILKINSON, 9B

1. A fat man and a skinny man were talking in the lobby of a hotel. Said the fat man to the skinny man, "You look like a famine".
   Said the skinny man to the fat man, "You look like you caused it".
2. A teacher coming into a noisy classroom yells out "Order Please".
   Someone in the back pipes up "Hamburger and a coke".
3. A couple of young members of the downbeat generation went to a navy base to witness the flight of new jet aircraft. In the course of the day, the ejection button was pushed and the pilot drifted lazily down to earth. One said to the other "Dig that crazy toastmaster".

GRANT W., 11A

ENGLISH AS IT IS SPOKEN

1. Johnny was sent by his mother to the store to buy a dozen eggs.

Grade 9B

Back row, left to right: Robert Musselman, Ken Cameron, William Brown, Terry Sammiya, John Wilkinson, Ken Clarke, Howard Carey, Bob Chambers, Peter Dolinsek, Larry Cumming, Tom Bird. Middle row, left to right: Mark Hebner, George Wissler, Robert Bowman, Linda Beams, Mary Main, Barb Munn, Peggy Hillis, Alan Brown, Neil Wilson, Wallace Barton, Stephen Thorning. Front row, left to right: Carol Gerber, Carol Speers, Ruth Bittorf, Karen Cameron, Mr. Beattie, Susan Nelson. Eva Herman, Marie Brubacher, Susan Bell.

Johnny said to the grocer: "Ain't you got no eggs?"
Grocer: "I ain't said I ain't."
Johnny: "I ain't said you ain't. I asked you ain't you is. Is you got no eggs?"

2. Why has the Mona Lisa a peculiar smile? She is afraid her false teeth will fall out.

3. A rich man wanted to build a house with a halo statue. The constructor built a lovely house and put the halo statue in the back yard.
Rich man: "That's a nice house but where is the halo statue?"
Builder: "There in the back yard."
Italian: "No, no. You know, a hallo's tat you."

JOHN NOONAN

JOKES

1. Joe: "Why did the settlers go out west in covered wagons?"
Bill: "Maybe they didn't want to wait thirty years for a train."
2. Boy: "Why doesn't that dog have a license?"
Man: "Maybe he's too dumb to learn to drive."
3. Sarg't: "Are you happy in the army, son?"
Private: "Yea, Sir."
Sarg't: "What were you before you joined the army?"
Private: "Happier, Sir."
4. This little boy waited in line to see Santa Claus. He finally made it and Santa took him and put him on his knee and said: "HO, HO, HO, and what would you like for Christmas little boy?"
Little boy: "I would like a train, a car, and a snow plow."
Santa: "Is that all?"
Little boy: "Yes."
Santa: "All right you can go now."
Little boy: "Aren't you going to write it down so you will remember?"
Santa: "No. I'll remember."
The little boy went to the end of the line and worked his way to the front again.
Santa: "HO, HO, HO, and what would you like for Christmas little boy?"
The little boy said: "See, I told you that you wouldn't remember it, stupid."
5. Little Girl: "Mother, what was the last stop the train made?"
Mother: "I don't know, why?"
Little Girl: "My baby brother got off there!"

ARDEN FISHER, 10A

FAVOURITE SAYINGS (Supposed to be wrong)

Teachers

Mrs. Cameron—There's the dictionary. Look it up yourself.
Mr. Peppler—STUUEE!
Mrs. Mackay—Margriet is sitting in Grant's seat again. Yes! Ralph will be there!
Mr. Gliddon—Well, that experiment was supposed to work?
Mrs. Brown—P.L.O.
Mr. Savage—He thinks that's funny.
Mrs. Jankowski—Now, that'll be enough. Settle down.
Mr. Beattie—Chuck, up to the front.

Students

Lynne Davidson—I wasn't talking (just listening).
Bill McCord—I guess.
Doreen Cumming—Well, I was just—
Stu Smith—Hey, Sap!

SANDY SPEERS, 11A

A FARMER'S LOVE LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART

My darling sweet potato:

Do you carrot all for me? My heart beets for you and my love for you is as strong as an onion. You are a peach with raddish hair and a turnip nose. You are the apple of my eye.

So, if you cantelope, then lettuce be married for I know we would make a happy pear.

By BEATRICE BOWMAN, Grade 10A

In nineteen hundred and sixty-three,
Pupils from communities,
Came to see how it would be,
To learn some more than A, B, C's.
And when they left in '68
The kids all shouted at the gate,
"Hurrah for this Elora High",
We're sure if we learned anymore we'd die.

MARIE BRUBACHER, 9B

DITTIES

There was a young lady of Lynn,
Who was so uncommonly thin,
That when she essayed
To drink lemonade
She slipped through the straw and fell in!
Most any golfer, poor or rich,
Would never count the cost,
Could he but buy a golf ball which
Would bark when it is lost.
There was a young maid who said, "Why,
Can't I look in my ear with my eye?
If I give my mind to it,
I'm sure I can do it,
You never can tell till you try!"

ETC.—A sign used to make others believe that you know more than you do.

FRED HILL, 11A

BONERS

Lost: A silk unmbrella by an old gentleman with a carved ivory head.

Wanted: Gentleman wishes cheap room and board with garage space for wife in refined private home.

The captain's wife wore a diamond pin in her hair which had been bought in Paris.

He struck the goldfish bowl with his head, which was fortunately empty.

He pulled out an old handkerchief, blew his nose, and put it back into his pocket.

The captain of the ship swam ashore, and so did the cook. She was insured for fifty thousand dollars, and was heavily loaded with pig-iron.

The Woman's Missionary Society met Wednesday evening with Mrs. Jackson. Miss Minerva Scott read a paper on "Personal Devils". Sixteen were present.

Last night I lay in a gondola on the Grand Canal in Venice, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before.

If fresh milk disagrees with the baby it should be boiled.

FRED HILL, 11A

SKIING

Skiing is a very fine sport,
But you must have a desire for it.
It costs a bit to start
But afterwards you'll never part.
It's fun to race right down a hill
Hoping you do not spill.
You can make the hard packed snow fly
With many sharp turns that catch the eye.
When you fall out of the harness you'll slip
Without breaking a leg or bruising a hip.
When after the day you've had your fun
You have learned to ski on every run.

BILL MOL, 12

OUR ENGLISH PERIOD

Our English teacher is never bored
There's Nancy shut up
And that's the wrong word.
There's that's the wrong phrase
And John, while in a daze
Can't hear the right page
And puts "teach" in a rage.
Then over again there's Nancy shut up
And Carlo your mouth could hold a tin cup
So the teacher again begins the lesson
And hopes everyone will pay attention
With the lesson he goes on and on
But the bell has gone—the "students" are gone.

STEWART ROBERTSON, 10A

COULD YOU IMAGINE ?

Stephen Thorning—Prime Minister of Canada
Mark Hebner—Dictator
Barb Munn—University Professor
Tom Bird—A judge
Susan Nelson—Not flirting with boys
George Wissler—Failing
John Wilkinson—Not chewing gum
Neil Wilson—Failing a French Exam
Lynda Beams—Having perfect attendance
Karen Cameron—Not talking to Susan
Ken Clark—Playing in a grand opera
Alan Brown—A minister
Bob Chambers—Another Gump Worsely
Robert Musselman—Another Gordie Howe
Susan Bell—200 pounds, short and fat
Bill Brown—Another Stephen Thorning
Robert Bowman—Another George Atlas
Wally Barton—Bruce Kidd, Jacques Plante and Marilyn Monroe all in one
Mary Main—Frankenstein
Peter Dolinsek—Not talking to Carol

KEN CAMERON, 9B

Grade 9C
Back row, left to right: Tom Gilbert, Jack Main, Tom McManus, George Piercey, David Hamilton, Joe Day, Dave Towriss. Front row, left to right: Marjorie Robertson, Shirley Creary, Connie Machin, Mrs. McKegney, Mary Lou Clyde, Sharon Brubacher, Verna Doherty.

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Sports

JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL
Left to right, Back row: John McKenna, Grant Wissler, Joe Day, Peter Atkinson, Der Krabbe, George Piercey, Jimmy Ennis, Arthur Weis. Front row: Brian Walser, Tom Henderson, Mr. Peppler (Coach), Don Miller (Manager), Tom McManus, Danny Walser.

SENIOR BOYS BASKETBALL, 1963

We were only able to pick up one victory in eight league tries and that coming over Elmira on their own floor by a score of 56-50. Had we had a little luck we would have won one or two more. One could have been the game against Elmira when we blew a 12 point lead in the 4th quarter and wound up losing by one point in the overtime period.

The league was better balanced this year and we gave a good account of ourselves with the exception of the Preston game played in our gym. Waterloo-Oxford was not nearly as strong this year, only beating us by 10 points. Bishop Macdonell was as usual the strongest team in the league and were undefeated in league play.

We got real satisfaction, however, when Fergus visited Elora for an exhibition game and we came out on top with a lopsided 84-31 victory. As long as we can trounce Fergus we will be happy.

ED O'KEEFE, Grade 12

JUNIOR BOYS BASKETBALL

This year, as in many years, the Junior Basketball team, won only one game and lost seven. The glorious victory was against Elmira in which the Elora boys severely trounced the weak Elmira team. In the second game at Elmira, surprisingly enough, the Elora team lost after staging a tremendous second half comeback. The reason for this loss, was not lack of skill on the boys part, but they merely spotted Elmira too many points.

In the six games with Bishop Macdonell, Waterloo Oxford and Preston, although we were beaten, it was not by as high a margin as in previous years. If you were to go by the enrolment in these schools and the number in our school, mathematically speaking, they should have beaten us by about seventy-five points each. By not doing this, it shows Elora, for its size, a superior team, unmatched by any team its same size.

Next year, Elora will be in top shape and will naturally win many more games with such tall stars as Howard Marr, Bobbie Fasken, Alfred Thiesson, Walter Swanston, and Charlie Wilson. Next year Mrs. Mackay won't be laughing at our masterminded coach. She will have died of hysteria.

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The basketball season opened early in January with Waterloo-Oxford playing host to Elora. As their gymnasium was far from what we expected, we suffered our first loss.

The same week, we played host to Elmira and although this was a fast, clean game, we lost by only two baskets.

The following week, Bishop Macdonell defeated us in our own gym. We felt that they deserved to win a game once in a while, so we let them run away with the ball.

After a week's rest, we journeyed to Preston where we won the game in overtime.

The same week, we played Waterloo-Oxford in our own gym, and although some of their players suffered from claustrophobia, they managed to win by only a few points.

For the next game, we were on the road, this time to play Bishop Macdonell in Guelph. I think that this was one of the best played games throughout the season and again we felt sorry for them.

The same week, Elora was host to Elmira in our gym and although Elora settled down to a good solid game of basketball, we lost by only a fraction.

The last game of the schedule was played in our gym with Preston. It seemed as though they had added a bit more strength and power behind their forward line from the last time we met with them. Oh well, maybe next year. I think Mrs. Mackay had many nerve-racking and finger biting moments throughout this season. Although, we did not finish on top of the league, I feel that next year, we will do better with the practices and experiences gained this year.

Members of the team are: Judy Obright, Dorothy Cunningham, Liz Pattison, Mary Waind, Phyllis Watson, Donna Dolson, Karen Halls, Edna Howlett and Carol Lee.

LIZ PATTISON

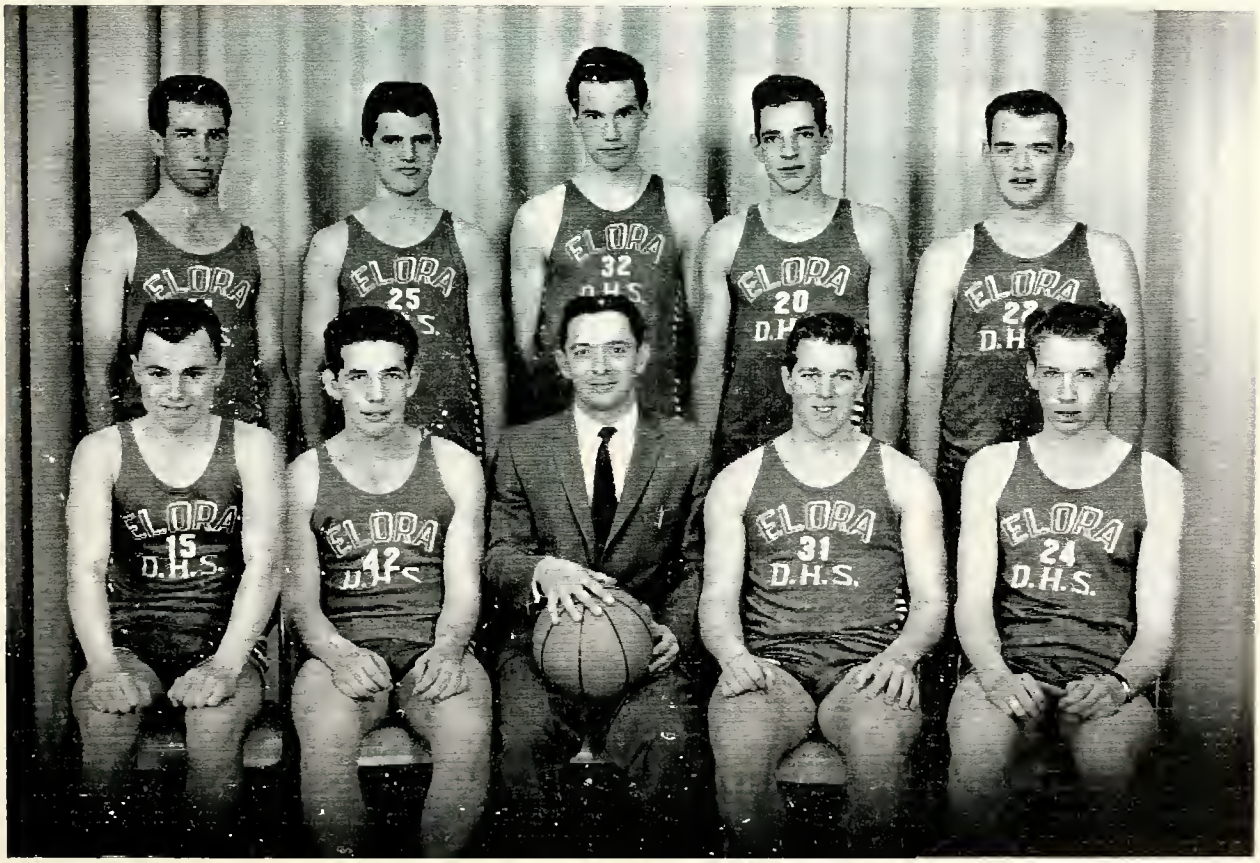
THE SCREAMING FINISH

In the dying minutes of the game,
Is when the Seniors won their game,
The score was tied and it seemed to me
That neither team could be
The winner of the game,
But we hoped for Elora just the same.
Down the floor went the Elora team,
And a curving hook shot just missed the beam;
Into the net it dropped like a bird,
And the cheers — "Oh, my!" you should have heard.
Then the ball was passed and caught —
But not by Elora, as we thought.
The Preston player streaked down the floor
And the score was tied some more,
More and more people jammed through the door
And everyone waited for Elora to score.
Next came a foul against Preston,
And the ball went flipping thru the net again;
And the crowd nearly went insane.
Back again on a breakaway;
But we didn't have all day.
It is good — two more points;
And the players felt their stiffening joints.
There goes the whistle — the game is won.
And the gym was filled by everyone,
All screaming and cheering — "Way to go" —
And Elora is best, as you all know!

LIZ PATTISON

VOLLEYBALL

The Volleyball Tournament was held at Elora and this year Elora made a very good show for herself.



SENIOR BOY'S BASKETBALL
Left to right, Back row: Brian Oakes, Robert Postle, Jerry McKenna, Ed O'Keeffe, Terry Conroy, Front row: Charles Cawthra, Michael Moynihan, Mr. Peppler, Fred Hughes, Clifford Howes.

MIDGET BASKETBALL TEAM
Left to right, Back row: Mark Hebner, Alan Brown, George Wissler, John Wilkinson, John Noonan, Howard Carey, Bob Chambers, Terry Sanmiya, Larry Cummings, Bill Brown. Front row: Ronnie Thiesson, Arden Fisher, Mr. Peppler (Coach), Peter Dolinsek, Ken Cameron.

There are five schools in the league, Bishop Macdonell, Preston, Waterloo-Oxford, Elmira and Elora. Waterloo-Oxford came first only playing three games while Elora came second playing five games.

Team Coaches were Mrs. Mackay and Mr. Beattie and Team Captain was Liz Pattison.

Players on the First String were: Liz Pattison, Phyllis Watson, Karen Halls, Barb Mitchelmore, Helen Mitchelmore and Marleen Jones. Second String players were: Mary Waind, Doreen Cummings, Shirley Ross, Wanda McKee, Shirley Kreps and Georgina Curtis.

GEORGINA CURTIS, 12

FIELD DAY

The first activity of the year was track and field. As soon as school was underway, practice began for field day. All hopes were focused on good weather which was granted. Excitement was added to the meet for rivalry between the Reds and Whites still existed.

At the end of the day, the Reds had won, but next year the Whites will regain the title. The champions were Junior Girls—Mary Main; Intermediate Girls—Dianne Witzel; Senior Girls—Helen Mitchelmore; Junior Boys—Arden Fisher; Intermediate Boys—Jerry McKenna; Senior Boys—Bob Postle.

At the District Meet, Elora finally managed to bring home the District "B" Championship. In fact, we captured all the trophies in our section except one, which was not won by any school. Elora was the host and we had to hold the meet in Fergus because of not having a track. The competition was tough and Elora obtained a good standing. We captured the Junior Boys' Trophy, won by Arden Fisher; Intermediate Trophy, Ed O'Keefe; Senior Girls' Trophy, Helen Mitchelmore, and Intermediate Trophy, Mary Burnett.

PHYLLIS WATSON

CURLING

A group of students at E.D.H.S. — sixty-four in number had a new experience in the world of sports this winter, thanks to the interest of Mr. N. R. Drimmie and the other members of the Elora Curling Club. We were initiated into the mysteries of "The Roaring Game".

To the novice, there is the mystery of what you do on a narrow strip of ice the length of the skating rink marked with red and blue circles at each end, a line across some distance further in and a group of rather heavy looking round rocks with handles on them, lying at the end. And brooms, let us not forget the brooms.

Soon, however, we learned that the rocks must be shot from one end of the ice to the other without going past the circle, or not reaching it. We become familiar with such terms as in and out turn, hack, hog line and SW-EEE-EE-EEP.

A rink of players consists of the skip, vice-skip, second and lead. The skip from the far end of the ice indicates with his broom where he wants the rocks and the player tries to shoot for this spot. Vice-skip does the skipping

while the skip plays. The lead plays first and then the second.

This is just a beginning. We trust that for another year, a number of rinks may be set up earlier in the season and a full program of high school curling be carried out. This is a good sport to cultivate because it is one that can also be enjoyed as an adult. In this school there appears to be a great deal of interest in curling and for a specially picked team there is good inter-school competition in this district.

MARY BURNETT

ONTARIO ATHLETIC LEADERSHIP CAMP

The aim of this camp is to promote leadership, confidence and responsibility through athletics.

The camp was on the shore of Lake Couchiching and it was under the leadership of teachers picked from the Department of Education. One hundred and fifty girls were attending it, representing schools in Ontario.

The camp consists of sixteen cabins, a field house, two tracks, a cafeteria and many other buildings.

You could participate and receive instruction in badminton, golf, tennis, basketball, volleyball, track and field, swimming, folk dancing, tumbling and other sports.

From this camp I gained new friends and new ideals. It was a wonderful experience, which I will remember. I hope the girl that is chosen to represent our high school next will benefit as much as I.

PHYLLIS WATSON

CAMP

In August of last year, myself and 167 other boys spent an enjoyable week at the Ontario Athletic Leadership Camp.

Our day was hectic. It began at 7:30 with breakfast and then there were two classes in the morning, Basketball and Track and Field.

Then there was a little spare time before lunch and after. Then it was back to classes in the afternoon.

There was a recreational swim in the afternoon and three-quarters of an hour before supper.

After supper tournaments were planned and run by different cabins.

Sometimes there would be a cabin campfire and after this we were pretty tired after such a day.

TERRY CONROY, 12

BADMINTON CLUB
Left to right, Back row: Bob Hillis, Bob Postle, Jerry McKenna, Shirley Kreps, Linda Ross, Helen Mitchelmore, Terry Conroy, Fred Hughes. Front row: Mr. Beattie (Instructor), Lynne Cameron, Rick Sanmiya, Linda Bosomworth, Larry Cummings.

JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL
Left to right, Back row: Mrs. Mackay (Coach), Anne Noonan, Karen Cameron, Judy Trilesky, Lynne Cameron, Ruth Bosomworth, Dianne Witzel (Manager). Front row: Mary Main, Gitta Kraemar, Mary Burnett, Doreen Cummings, Katherine Hall, Shirley Ross.

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL
Left to right, Back row: Mrs. Mackay, Mary Waind, Donna Dolson, Judy Obright, Karen Halls, Dianne Witzel (Manager). Front row: Carol Lee, Edna Howlett, Elizabeth Pattison, Phyllis Watson, Dorothy Cunningham.

SENIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL
Left to right, Back row: Mrs. Mackay (Coach), Mary Mitchelmore, Karen Halls, Phyllis Watson, Georgina Waind, Shirley Kreps, Barbara Mitchelmore, Helen Curtis. Front row: Doreen Cummings, Wanda McKee, Elizabeth Pattison, Shirley Ross, Marlene Jones.

CHEERLEADERS
Left to right: Lynne Cameron, Dianne Witzel, Anne Noonan, Lynne Davidson, Doreen Cummings, Shirley Ross.

FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS
Left to right, Back row: Jerry McKenna (Intermediate), Robert Postle (Senior), Arden Fisher (Junior). Front row: Helen Mitchelmore (Senior), Mary Main (Junior), Dianne Witzel (Intermediate).

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